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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 51

No.

6

NOVEMBER, 1918

Price

10

Cents



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BRITISH ARTILLERY DRIVER RESTING HIS HORSE

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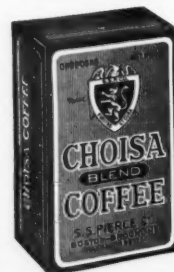
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Prince Rudolph's Quest, (fairy story) 150 pp., boards, 58 cents, postpaid.

Order early to avoid delays in the mails

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 6

THE JACK LONDON CLUB idea seems to be on its way around the world.

PLEASE remember these war times are hard times, financially, for our home charities!

IF you don't love animals you are under no less obligation to treat them justly and kindly than the man who does.

THE value to the world of that supreme virtue, kindness, will be more clearly recognized, we believe, after this appalling war, than ever before.

THE President said politics had adjourned. With not a few rather pretentious Christians it would seem as if, during the war, Christianity had adjourned.

THE motorless Sunday has led many to recall the pleasant rides given them in other days by the horse. Thank Heaven the livery stables are practically horseless!

THE owners of large sawmills in Duluth, now employing women, say that the women get more work out of the horses by their kind and patient treatment of them than the men used to who depended too much upon the whip. The women have discarded the whip.

R. SAYRE AND CO., Chicago, whoever they are we do not know, are doing a good deal of advertising against the cat. They offer prizes for its destruction. Among the prizes is \$200 for the killing of the last cat in the world, and they predict that by Christmas, 1920, there will be no more cats. We should think their circulars a joke if they did not take the matter so seriously themselves.

IF it were simply a matter of choice between cats and birds, of course we should choose the birds. The painless death of a myriad of starving, homeless, diseased cats is greatly to be desired, and also the discovery of some plan, perhaps by licensing the cat, to prevent the unending multiplication of these poor waifs. But cats as well as birds must have their place in the economy of nature, as they certainly do in the hearts of many men and woman.

THE OTHER SIDE

BAYONETS gleaming in the sun, flags unfurled and proudly borne, the quick and measured tramp, tramp, tramp through the city's street while life and drum and military band stir the heart with patriotic fervor, the prancing horse, his rider resplendent with gilded trappings, the cheering crowds that throng the line of march, fair women radiant with admiration for the brave boys who have enlisted for the war, — this is the side, the only side that most men see. How brilliant the pageant! How thrilling the hour! How heroic it seems!

But this is not war. Let no man or boy deceive himself. This is not what it is to be a soldier. War is yonder on the field blood-soaked and death-strewn. There, where machine guns mow down their living swaths like gleaming scythes in the hands of expert reapers, where screaming shells fly into more than a thousand pieces destroying all life within the radius of their reach; there, where men are being rent limb from limb by bursting shrapnel, where, mangled, mutilated beyond recognition, they writhe and groan, and, dying, clutch the very earth with their stiffening fingers, — there, where pain-maddened horses expire in lingering torture, — there is war, barbarous, brutal, savage, pitiless war, that nations bearing the Christian name have waged against each other.

THE hunting season is on. How many hunters would sally forth with their guns if the various kinds of game also carried guns? But that would only be fair play.

WE have heard of treatment accorded raw recruits in our camps, by petty officers, that would be a disgrace to the Turks. Instances of such un-American conduct on the part of any brutal American officer should be reported to Washington at once. The Government does not sanction this barbarism for a moment.

ATTENTION is called by *The Humanitarian* (London) to the now exploited fallacy that the enervating effects of peace sapped the elements of manly character essential to the soldier. Today it is freely stated, on every hand, that "finer material for soldiers" was never found than in those very Englishmen supposed to have been spoiled by long years of peace.

THE ETERNAL TRAMP

WE are not thinking of the two-legged tramp who wanders from place to place. He lies down a good part of his time. The tramp we have in mind is the wretched victim of man's cruelty. He walks along no pleasant highways of the earth. He roams through no free wilds of mountain or valley. He traverses no shady paths of silent forests. It is of no such tramp we are writing. We saw him the other day in our own city. Looked into his restless, shifting eyes. Read in every expression on his face the misery he was enduring — and is doomed to endure till merciful death sets him forever free from his tormentor.

To many he was an object of curiosity. They watched him attentively for a few minutes, and then moved on. Fathers and mothers led their little children up into his presence and bade them look at him, and yet never spoke a word that could awaken in the heart of childhood sympathy for the unfortunate. And all the while the eternal tramp, tramp, tramp, went on. It had started early in the morning. It had kept up into the afternoon. It was going on when we left. Doubtless there are times when it ceases for a while, but it is soon taken up again, and will be day after day — tramp, tramp, tramp, back and forth, back and forth, the same hopeless, sad, unhappy, eternal tramp — behind iron bars. Lions, bears, leopards, wolves, caught and caged by man's cunning, stolen, the most of them, from their native homes under the wide skies of other lands, forced into narrow pens, and started upon their unending tramp.

We are not civilized. We are still coarse, vulgar, cruel in our tastes, when we can know anything but sorrow at seeing any creature robbed of its natural freedom, locked up behind iron bars, and doomed to life-long captivity. Soon or late the Zoo will go with many another witness to man's primitive barbarism.

THERE are few sillier sights than that of the dog-owner, armed with the fashionable dog whip, as he (or she) "exercises" the household pet. Why should people keep dogs at all, if they cannot afford them that moderate amount of attention and supervision which is sufficient for their training?

—The Humanitarian

The Jack London Club an International

Spreading in England, Sweden, South Africa

EACH month we must tell over the story of the Jack London Club in as few words as possible, for our new readers:

It was Jack London who, in "Michael Brother of Jerry," wrote the revealing story of the cruelties to which a great part of the performing animals we see on the stage and elsewhere are subjected.

He said the only effective way to end this form of so-called "amusement" is for every lover of animals and every foe of cruelty to get up and leave the theater during this part of the performance. To belong to the Jack London Club all you have to do is to promise to do this. It may be embarrassing. It may seem an annoyance to others. Think of the unhappy animals. Would you want them to do as much for you if you were in their places? The Club has no officers. It asks no dues.

We would greatly like to have you send us your name and as many other names as you can.

Sweden and if so, will you kindly give permission to translate the pamphlet you sent me. I want so much to try and get this thing started here. The exhibition of trained animals is one of the most painful things to witness. I only wish all Zoos could also be demolished.

Yours very truly,
ELISABETH VON BRAUN

In Africa and South America

Under date of August 3, Mrs. Owen Davies, Cape Town, South Africa, writes of her desire to awaken interest in the movement there. In Chile, South America, also, we are hopeful of a Club being formed.

Col. Alfred Wagstaff, President of the American S. P. C. A., New York, writes:

How many persons who witness animal acts realize that the training of the animals to perform their feats of extraordinary dexterity, or intelligence, or merely of submission to the

enough to not even eat them, have kept me too occupied to do much except speak of the matter of the cruelty of "shows" of animals, interpolating the mention in other talks. Would it not be well to urge people not to buy tickets where these shows are advertised (for few enter a hall without seeing the placards, etc.) and to write in every case to the managers and say why they did not patronize the performance?

I can promise that the Millennium Guild will join the Jack London Club in a body.

The idea of writing the management and telling why the performance was not patronized is an excellent one.

From the Confessions of an animal trainer:

In order to show how difficult it is to train even a chimpanzee, I may mention that a few months ago one was being trained for the stage, and it took a week to get him to wear the clothes in which he was to appear. He used to be pulled up to a ring in the wall, two men would get hold of him, and a third would try to dress him. So violent were his struggles that he was on several occasions almost choked in order to make him powerless. How long it was before he learned to perform his tricks, and how much violence he had to suffer, I cannot say.

The Work in England

There has certainly been a marked diminution in the number of "animal turns" advertised and given at the public halls. This is no doubt partly due to the taking of the men employed to serve in the Army, but also, we think, to a growing distaste for these performances and an increasing caution on the part of managers, who have seen the results of some recent prosecutions.

From the Performing and Captive Animal Defence League, London.

A POET'S VIEWPOINT

IN a letter to the Rev. Mr. Hurdis, dated Weston, June 13, 1791, the poet Cowper writes:—

"I am glad to find that your amusements have been so similar to mine; for in this instance too I seemed to have need of somebody to keep me in countenance, especially in my attention and attachment to animals. All the notice that we lords of creation vouchsafe to bestow on the creatures, is generally to abuse them; it is well therefore that here and there a man should be found a little womanish, or perhaps a little childish in the matter, who will make some amends, by kissing, coaxing, and laying them on one's bosom. You remember the little ewe lamb, mentioned by the prophet Nathan; the prophet perhaps invented the tale for the sake of its application to David's conscience; but it is more probable that God inspired him with it for that purpose. If he did, it amounts to a proof that He does not overlook, but on contrary much notices such little partialities and kindness to His *dumb* creatures, as we, because we articulate, are pleased to call them."

YOU pay for the poetry you print, don't you?

"Yes, according to its kind."

"Well, you printed some blank verse of mine last week."

"William, give this gentleman a blank check."

— Boston Transcript



THE CLEVERER THE PERFORMANCE, THE GREATER THE CRUELTY TO PRODUCE IT

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Twelve copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools.

The Club an International

We have already told of the purpose of the Royal S. P. C. A. of England to start a Jack London Club. The following letter from Sweden will interest our members, who are growing in number at the rate of nearly 1000 a month until we now have approximately 13,000:

Rydaholm, July 30, 1918
Vara, Sweden

Dr. Francis H. Rowley,
My dear Sir:

I shall be extremely happy to join "The Jack London Club," and shall do my uttermost to get other members. Would you, please, let me know if a "Jack London Club" may be started in

control of man, is attended with frightful cruelty, and that the life of the imprisoned animal is one of long subjection to brutality? If they knew the real facts, as Jack London so truthfully portrays them, that generally speaking, animals cannot be trained for public exhibition in any other way than by reducing them to a state of abject fear, would the amusement-loving public tolerate the continuance of this questionable form of entertainment? For this cruelty is carried on in secret, behind closed doors, and beyond the means of the ordinary agencies to prevent.

Mrs. M. R. L. Freshel, President of the Millennium Guild, writes:

THE JACK LONDON CLUB,

Dear Friends:—

I am made very happy this morning by receiving the little green card which has come to me all the way from California, to tell me that you have faced this horror of animal training, and I want my name enrolled at once as a member. I began two years ago to gather material for a paper on the subject, but war work and lectures on the food question from the point of view of those who love animals

THE HUMMINGBIRD

IVAN SWIFT

WHEN languorous noons entreat the summer sky,
And restive spirits vex the ways of men
In vain emprise; within my garden then
Will I elect to let the world go by,
And watch the hummingbird. Not seen to fly,
He comes and vanishes and comes again
And sips the sweets of honeysuckles when
Their lips are frail — but leaves them not to die.

So I have thought how good it were to be
This ruthless corsair, bent on such pursuit,
Against the wear of my foreplanning hours:—
How good it were to live thus liegelessly
Upon the world's unreckoned blossom-loot —
Yet spare from any harm its guarded flowers!



BABY WHIPPOORWILLS

FOR COUNTRY TEACHERS

COUNTRY children should be taught kindness to animals, as they will undoubtedly have control of them to a great extent, writes Alice M. Ashton in *Farm and Fireside*.

This is largely a matter of teaching. Never mind if some of the neighbors, or the hired men, or even the father himself, does set a bad example. That is no reason for giving up improvement.

Teach them that it is manly to protect the weak and helpless; for every boy wants to be manly.

Begin in the children's very babyhood by interesting them in the cat, the dog, the fowls and birds; let them feed and care for them and learn of each one's usefulness.

The boy who has been trained to believe the horse a farmer's most useful and valuable animal friend will seldom be guilty of misuse or neglect.

If he has been taught to be proud of the excellent condition of the cows and to keep a record of their income, he will be little inclined to run them in from the pasture, or club them about the stable. He will do anything in his power to make the new puppy the "best cow dog" in the neighborhood, instead of spoiling him with play or blows.

A business or professional man who wishes his son to follow in his footsteps does everything in his power to teach him every detail of the work. Why does not the farmer do as much? The boy who likes the farm stock will make a study of its care.

WHATEVER are we to do with people who mean well?
GOETHE

Bird Babies in Hiding

ARTHUR A. JEFFREY

VERY effective measures have been devised by Mother Nature to make hiding the safeguard of otherwise defenseless bird babies. About them she throws a cloak of invisibility no less wonderful than the magic garments which fairy god-mothers are supposed to weave for their protégés who are about to set out among the dangers of the great world. Young birds have the instinct and ability to conceal themselves from the enemies from which they are powerless to protect themselves by speed or strength.

The little bobwhite, at the first hint of danger, becomes a flat and motionless thing among the

balls and contrasting dangerously with the black walls of their hollow-tree home. But, in their case, the very depth and darkness of the cavern insure the safety that their own color fails to supply. Usually the nest is a large cavity in a big tree, its doorway ten or fifteen feet above the ground, so that inquisitive or evil-purposed neighbors have no chance to look in upon the helpless babies. And these vulture babies — so far as I have observed — are as clean and interesting as the babies of bird families in much better social standing. Anyway Mother Nature has provided equal protection for them.

Even in families where the adult birds have



BABY TURKEY VULTURES

brown weed stems and grasses. Two yellow stripes traversing his fluffy brown back from shoulder to hip break up the expanse of his tiny bulk so that it looks more like a leaf with two grass blades lying across it than a real, live baby bird. In fact it does not "look" at all; there is nothing about the motionless little body with its neutral and broken color patches to attract the eye. The little bird becomes in its stillness a part of the inanimate covering of the soil — a mere stitch in Mother Nature's big patchwork quilt — quite invisible even to the swift and cruel sharp-shinned hawk plunging from the sky toward the bobwhite family.

Another bird baby that owes to protective coloration its safety through many a dangerous day is the little whippoorwill. The home in which the whippoorwill grows from infancy to full-fledged estate is nothing more than a depression among the old leaves that thickly carpet the floor of some remote tree-walled room in Mother Nature's out-of-the-way country place. There is nothing near it except curled, broken and overlapping brown leaves brightened here and there by tiny flecks of sunlight. Here the little whippoorwills spend all the days of their babyhood quite powerless to defend themselves against predatory animals and birds. But they are fairly safe since their own feathers exactly match the brown leaves and the tiny flecks of light. One may look directly at a pair of baby whippoorwills motionless in their daytime sleep and not see them at all.

There are baby birds for whom Mother Nature has made no such provision, but she has given their parents instincts that supply another sort of protection. I have found young turkey vultures in the downy stage — white as snow-

gaudy colors the young are clothed in less noticeable garb until mature strength and experience shall have rendered such protection no longer necessary. The young of the red-headed woodpecker has a bluish-gray head, the young redbird is brownish and the young indigo bunting is grayish. Weakness and inexperience, in the baby bird's life, have been offset by the ability to hide even more effectively than the adults. Each little bird starting out in the world wears the cloak of invisibility until some of the dangers have been passed or, at any rate, more thoroughly understood.

SWALLOWS

THESE are the aeroplanes of God,
The swift patrols of spring
That dart among the realms untrod
On deft and daring wing.
They bring His presence and His power
So near the homes of men
That even in her anguished hour
The world may laugh for leaf and flower
And life and light again.
Not these, not these are sealed and signed
To answer blow with blow;
They war with but the wintry wind
And the late-lying snow.
No shadow of their wings shall wake
The grief of new-turned sod,
And shallow grave and rough-hewn stake,
They fly but for the summer's sake
And for the praise of God.

WILL H. OGILVIE, in *Westminster Gazette*

A MAXIM—"If you would love mankind you must not expect too much from them."

THE PIGEON EXPRESS

ELIZABETH CHANEY READ

An appreciation of the carrier-pigeon messenger service on the Western Front, where it has so efficiently supplemented the telephone and the runners in maintaining communication between the fighting line and headquarters. This descendant of the rock dove may eventually claim relationship to the "Dove of Peace."

THOSE little feathered messengers in gray!

Did they but realize the part they play

In war's grim game —

The weighty secrets thus intrusted to their care —

Could they fly lightly through hate-poisoned air,

With single aim,

Responding to that instinct for the "home" and male,

Which makes their flight so sure and swift and straight!

That war should harness this winged creature's zeal,
To my imagination makes appeal;

And yet I see

The vengeful Prussian eagle, in his might,

Swoop down and challenge this frail hero's right

To passage free,

While lending wings to victory — and peace

That from war's horror shall humanity release.

BE KIND TO THE HORSE

DOROTHY G. BELL

THERE is but one thing on God's earth that any man has a license to kick and that is a foot-ball. Your chance of victory, however small, makes it worth your while to take up the cudgels against the man who kicks aught else.

A whip adds frenzy to a frightened horse. The man who applies it is usually frightened himself. A firm rein and a reassuring voice will do more to overcome fear than force would do.

A shoulder to the wheel on a slippery hill will do more to help a horse, and carry more weight with the driver than cursing.

The hoof is the only place for a blacksmith's hammer, but his temper is often tried with restive horses, therefore it is best to be sure of your man or stay around while the shoeing is being done.

A horse rarely froths at the mouth if he is entirely happy. It may mean an ulcerated tongue or throat, a bad tooth or merely worry, but an early investigation will save both horse and master trouble.

A badly treated horse will always resent a touch. Rather than force your attentions on him, inquire into his case. You can do more for him that way.

It is a temptation to let down a standing horse's check, but unless you can stay by him it is better to have a friendly chat with the driver about it, as a suddenly freed head may easily cause a runaway.

A horse's blanket which is in danger of slipping may fall about his heels and frighten him. It doesn't take many minutes to right it.

In patting a strange horse at the curb or in the stable, speak to him first, as a touch without warning may frighten him and he might unintentionally do you harm.

The shifting of a collar when passing a standing horse may relieve an aching or itching spot, and should it disclose a sore, follow up the driver or report it.

Buffalo Ways in Buffalo Days

EL COMANCHO

Photograph for *Our Dumb Animals* by R. R. SALLOWS

BUFFALO OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

EVERYBODY has heard about the buffalo and how numerous they were on the Plains years ago, but today there are not many men left who know from personal observation how these ungainly wild cattle lived.

Fifty years ago they migrated with the seasons up and down the country from Alberta to Mexico, west of the Missouri river almost to the Pacific Coast, their principal range however being just east of the Rocky Mountains and eastward to about middle Nebraska. Once they ranged clear east to New York State at least, but that was before the white man came.

Sixty years ago they ranged the plains in countless thousands and practically ceased to exist in 1885, except in Yellowstone Park and one or two other isolated spots where a few head still survive, as is the case on the Flathead River, where some of the Allard herd got away and into the mountains while en route to Canada several years ago. In the old days the herds drifted north in the spring and south in the fall, following the feed, which grew with the seasons.

All the Plains Indians depended on the buffalo for meat, clothes, teepee coverings, and about all else that they needed for every-day life. Plenty of buffalo in the country meant happiness and plenty in the Indian camps, while lack of buffalo in the country meant starvation for the Indian except for what little meat he could get by hunting deer, elk, and other such animals. Antelope usually migrated about the same time and along with the buffalo herds, so the Indian could not usually get antelope when he couldn't get buffalo.

One day the Plains would be black with feeding thousands of the big humpbacked animals; the next day they might all begin to move south and they would then flow by a given point in a steady, living river of huge cattle; the next day it might be impossible to find a single animal within a day's ride. They came and went, drifting over the land as the feed and water conditions dictated. In summer they lived on the high, grassy plains of Montana, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the North, thousands and thousands of them. In the winter they drifted to the panhandle of Texas, Mexico, and the arid Southwest.

Nowhere in the world has there ever existed, so far as man's knowledge runs, such an immense herd of magnificent food animals —

yet we, as a nation, threw away this supply of beef by killing the herds for their skins. Think of it! And buffalo leather was about the poorest excuse for leather that ever was known, as it was porous as a sponge, though it would wear, if rightly tanned, like alligator hide.

The buffalo was a very methodical animal if left undisturbed. Slow moving, stupid in a way, he asked nothing of life except that he be given plenty of grass, water, and sunshine. Given these he would feed, then work his slow way by the easiest grade to the nearest water (and anything wet was water to a buffalo), drink, rest, feed, drink and rest in never ending cycles from the day he was born to the day some Indian gathered him in and dried his flesh in the summer sun to eat when winter came.

Indians killed buffalo by the thousands at a time by running them over cliffs (called "piskun" by the Blackfeet) but they never wasted any meat or hides. These big killings by the Indians were simply harvests of meat and skins which they took when they could from migrating herds and cured to last until such time as the herds should drift back — but the Indian never wasted or killed needlessly.

The feeding habits of buffalo resulted in their moving over the same ground many times, therefore they made deep trails from water to feeding-grounds, and these trails were always in the shape of a branching tree with the roots to water and the tops or "limbs" stretching out on the ridges and feeding grounds.

By instinct the big animals followed a low, easy grade from the highest point of the feeding-grounds to water, and this grade was always maintained, so buffalo trails always looked as though they had been laid out by a civil engineer — there was never any abrupt rise or fall in any trail and they were always good roads to follow. Indeed the Union Pacific Railroad is practically "built on top of a buffalo trail" from Omaha to Ogden and somewhat beyond.

Wolves always hung about the herds ready to pull down sick or disabled animals. A wounded buffalo always went to water to die if he could, so every water hole was surrounded with bleached bones. They perished by thousands sometimes in crossing high or icy streams, but they came and went like the tides until the white man came and killed them needlessly as he does everything.

WAITING

ANN BERNARD

I AM a dog. My dumb lips cannot frame the questions

That I long to know:

"Where has he gone? When will he come again,
My master, that my heart loves so?"

I did not know that weeks, and months, could be
so long.

I stand beside the garden-gate,

(My eyes fixed on the distant road, by which he
went away)

And watch — and wait.

Sometimes I doze, and always do I hear his voice
say,

"Good-bye, old pal. We'll meet again — some-
day."

Then men, and flags, and drums, came marching
through the night.

And he, for whom I'd give my life, passed with
them, out of sight.

And is it far, that place where he has gone?

That place where he is, and I may not be?

Shall I go seek him? Or wait here, beside the
garden-gate

For that "some-day" he promised me?

DOGS AND THE SOLDIER

WE'LL take a dog first. If we can't get a dog we'll take a goat, or a cat, or a pig, a rabbit, a sheep, or, yes, even a wildcat. We'll take anything for a trench companion — but give us a dog first."

Lieutenant Ralph Kynoch, of the Gordon Highlanders, was speaking, says the London Letter in the *New York Herald*. He has been at the front since the war started and has seen fighting in all its phases. He was warm in his praises of the dog as man's companion in lonely places. He merely echoed what every other soldier thinks.

"People who haven't been at the front don't know what a little companionship means to a man on patrol duty, or in a dugout, or what a frisky pup means to a whole company. Dogs were created to be man's companion, and I'm blessed if I don't think the dogs know it better than we do.

"It doesn't seem to matter what kind of dog it is. You'll find highly bred animals at the front and you'll find dogs that wouldn't be admitted to any self-respecting dog show when it comes to looks. But for loyalty and devotion the thoroughbreds don't outclass the mongrels. They all seem to have the same spirit. The dogs know the dangers of the trenches. Some of the mascots have been there since the war started. They have seen hundreds of men killed and other dogs laid out by shell fire.

"The pups know when a barrage is on where they can find safety, and they go there, unless the man they look to as master is going somewhere else. Trust the dog to stick hard by no matter whether it is in the danger zone or not.

"They'll hang around till doomsday if they are allowed to do so. And when the master is killed the dog sticks around, and sometimes it is a long, long time before he picks up with some one else.

"Take it from one who knows, the life of a soldier would be far more lonely if it were not for the dogs. And other animals are worth having, too. Some of the boys train birds and chickens and even rats. The laddie who's got a fine Airedale or a Scottish terrier is the happiest soldier on the line, though."



A HERO OF PEACE

FOUR-FOOTED HEROES

N. TOURNEUR

WHO does not know of the heroic acts that have been done by our most faithful friend? Yet the stories of gallantry shown by dogs are usually looked upon by most people as exaggerations and untruths. Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, it was who first placed dogs on a new and higher plane in the minds of many of us, beginning with his celebrated black-and-white Newfoundland as the subject of his picture now in the National Gallery, London, and entitled "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society."

The good work done by Landseer has hastened our understanding of the kindly and brave qualities that are so strong in most dogs, and in the establishment of the Order of Merit known as the Canine Heroes League, the bravest of our four-footed friends wins recognition in England. Formed in 1913 this League has already awarded its shield and medal to more than forty heroic dogs.

You find these heroes are in all classes — from the animal of fine pedigree to the mongrel cur of unknown breed. Among them there is "Nell," who saved her master and mistress and their baby daughter from being burned to death, by awakening them in time to escape. There is "Duke," who rescued a child from being run over by a horse and cart, by dragging the little one away in the very nick of time from under the horse's hoofs.

Among those that saved human lives from the flames are "Bess," a great Dane; "Basher," a bulldog; "Vic," a little whippet greyhound; "Help," a retriever; "James," a terrier; "Peter," a Scotch terrier; "Olaf," a Great Dane; "Sammy," a curly-haired retriever; and "Prince," a Scotch collie. "Help," for instance, ran up a blazing staircase to waken his master, and succeeded just in time; "James" had to pull his mistress actually out of bed to save her before she awoke.

One must not forget "Paddy," an Irish terrier, who prevented his mistress from being choked by escaping gas. She was already growing a little unconscious when the terrier leaped on to

the pillow, and pawed and mouthed at her face in his desperation. At last in excitement Paddy took hold of her ear, and the pain aroused the sleeper; but it was to find that the faithful dog had saved her life.

Again, there is "Wubbles," a spaniel, who rescued two bathers, strangers to her, who were drowning in the sea off Feltham, and "Lily," who also when no one was at hand to prompt her, sprang into the River Trent and saved a little girl from drowning.

Among the national awards is that to "Lassie," a collie, who brought to life one of the crew of the battleship *Formidable*, that was mined in the English Channel two years ago. The bluejacket had been placed among the dead laid out on the beach. "Lassie" refused to leave him, and insisted on nestling close and licking his face. Suddenly, after thirty minutes of this attention, she leaped up barking in excitement, and the doctors ran to the spot. In a few minutes the seaman was sitting up. Lassie had saved his life.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS RESPECT DOG

IN its first drive an American platoon, after advancing several kilometers, came into possession of a building which had been a German regimental headquarters. Personal effects scattered about, a half-cooked meal, maps and documents on tables and in racks told of the precipitate departure of the commander and his staff.

In the room which had been the office of the commandant was a dead dog. Attached to his collar was a metal tube. In the tube was a message calling for assistance from a German machine gun nest, which, at the time of reading, had long since fallen into American hands. The dog, trained as a message bearer, had been dispatched with the call for help, had been struck by a shell fragment, as was evidenced by a wound in his side, and had struggled on to the headquarters only to find it abandoned. He will be remembered and respected by the American platoon as one servant of the Kaiser who nobly did his duty and died.

— *The Stars and Stripes*

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

November, 1918

FOR TERMS see last page.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

IF YOUR COPY IS LATE

THE country is at war—that explains a great many things, and it explains why your copy of *Our Dumb Animals* is not received on time. The printers, the book-binders, the transportation companies, local and interstate, are all handicapped because of the shortage in help. This issue of the magazine came from the printers just as Boston was in the midst of the epidemic of Spanish influenza, and that accounts for further delays. We ask all our subscribers to be patient, not to notify us of non-receipt of *Our Dumb Animals* before the end of the month of issue, and to be assured that we are doing all we can to get the magazine delivered as nearly on time as possible. The delays are very annoying to us, or would be if the times were normal, but such inconveniences are the least of our problems when Liberty loans, questionnaires, and a multitude of public services demand our immediate attention.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY, THE HUMANE SOCIETIES, AND EXPERIMENTATION

A GREAT deal of distress has been felt by thousands of animal lovers because of the experiments upon dogs and other animals carried on under the direction of our military authorities in the effort to find means of protecting our soldiers from enemy gas attacks. Altogether apart from the question of the value of these experiments, or the moral issues involved in such use of animals, we cannot understand the willingness of any humane society to deliver up for this purpose the helpless animals gathered by them for merciful destruction. The duties of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals are too clearly evident to most right-minded people to need discussion here. Even where certain officials of humane societies have approved of these experiments, we do not believe they have been justified for a moment, as has been done in one or two instances, in turning over to representatives of the army the homeless animals at the moment in their possession. As we can see it there is but one answer humane societies can make to this request of the Government for their stray animals. When obliged frankly to meet the demand this should be the reply: These defenseless creatures have come into our possession with the understanding that, if we cannot find for them good homes, they are to be given as painless a death as possible; we cannot, of our

free-will, turn them over even to the United States Government. If the Government sends its officers with orders to seize them and take them from us, that is doubtless its legal right, and we shall not presume to resist such an order. By this act the Government has put an end to our responsibility, and literally compelled us to abandon a duty. This is the position taken by certain Societies with which we are acquainted.

A VISIT TO FORT MCKINLEY

THE President of our Societies, while a guest at Great Diamond Island, Portland, of Mr. S. A. Stevens, and Mrs. Stevens President of the Maine State Humane Education Society, had the pleasure of addressing the soldiers of the Fort. He was impressed, as upon every similar occasion, with the fine character of our American soldiers, their physical fitness, their mental alertness, and the excellent spirit with which they had entered into the war.

Among the finest of the soldiers with whom he conversed was a young man from Illinois, whose grandfather had been an officer in the Prussian army and whose father and mother had both been born in the heart of Prussia. His loyalty to the flag and his devotion to the Government of the United States were marked by a deep and quiet sincerity most convincing. His uncle had been with Admiral Dewey at Manila Harbor. The young man said, "Up to the limit of my power to defend it, the American flag shall never go down on sea or land."

OUR CAGED ANIMALS

A Bitter Indictment of our Zoos from an Editorial in the *Buffalo, N. Y., Times*

WE are told to "be kind," and "considerate" and "not cruel"; and we are further lectured on the sin of "causing unnecessary suffering"; yet collectively as a community when we grow up, we are guilty of torturing innocent animals in a way that would make an Apache on the war-path ashamed. Because, when he tortures, he also kills; and the agonies are not prolonged over many, weary, hopeless years. But we "civilized whites," in dealing with the beasts and birds we have imprisoned, adopt the Chinese system of making life itself the chief agency and instrument of continuous and prolonged cruelty.

Think of the Polar bears in their narrow cages and their diminutive pool! On the hottest day, a vanishing cake of ice—if they get even that—instead of the icebergs of the frozen North! Their "plunge," not even a bucket of water in comparison with the Arctic seas! And these poor, dumb beasts must pass their lives in the living hell of such captivity!

Take the caged eagles, to which the wide heavens were once a domain, now drooping on inglorious perches in stuffy cages, and unfilming now and then an indignant and reproachful eye at "human" beings who are "entertained" in gazing on so unnecessary an injustice and so glaring a wrong. The dumb victims of such monstrous cruelty are a breathing, though silent, indictment of mankind.

Yet we pride ourselves on our "civilization." Here and there, isolated instances occur where practical humaneness is shown; but so seldom as to prove the rule. Yet every individual in the community is equally responsible for the outrage of imprisoning creatures which Nature and God intended to be free.

No living thing deserves to be caged but man; yet he does the caging!

FROM THE ENGLISH SOCIETY

LORD LAMBOURNE, at the last annual meeting of the Royal S. P. C. A., said, "As to the dogs and their food he had no fear that the Government would act too drastically, because they would be up against political trouble if they did. The women dog-lovers were now a power in the land."

At this same meeting Gen'l Blankinsop, Director General of the army veterinary department, said he was convinced that his countrymen had an innate love of animals far exceeding that of most other civilized nations, and that where cruelty occurred it was generally the result of ignorance. He believed school instruction to be one of the most valuable lines on which the Society could work. Gross cases of cruelty were the result of want of mental balance, and owners of animals guilty thereof should be relieved of possession of them.

A HARD HIT

WE trust our readers will not hold up their hands and think us the victims of sentimentalism because we reproduce here the following editorial from the *Greensburg Evening Times*, Ind. Whatever we say about the circus as the amusement for old and young, as harmless in its influence, instructive in its exhibitions, we believe the real and damning facts are stated here:

The circus, long tolerated by a suffering public as an "educational" institution, becomes more and more a public nuisance, and is one of the non-essentials that should be banished in war time.

The tawdriness, the vice, the cruelty, the criminal uselessness of circuses are little understood by the public. For the sake of a laugh and a thrill of wonder and excitement the public has traded its good dollars and kept its mouth shut. Persons of intelligence and humane sensibilities have witnessed the horror of captivity in the menageries and the ironic cruelty and senselessness of the trained animal arena under the delusion that the thing is a sort of necessary evil because the children are so much interested and amused. This phase of the matter is brought in all its shocking hideousness in the late Jack London's last book, "Michael Brother of Jerry." London exposed the methods of animal trainers in a manner that makes a man's blood boil.

From the economic point of view the circus is a ravenous consumer and a non-producer. It affords a haven for scores of parasites that should be in the industries, in the fields, or in the army.

S. LEROY SHAPLEIGH

JUST as we go to press (October 7) word is received announcing the death of Mr. S. L. Shapleigh, the assistant treasurer of our two Societies. Mr. Shapleigh was taken into the office of the organizations twenty years ago, by Mr. Angell, and has proved a very valuable assistant. His wife and two children were afflicted with the prevailing epidemic, and in caring for them he succumbed to the disease. He was thirty-eight years old. Mr. Shapleigh's service to our two organizations was characterized by unusual fidelity and devotion. With him the interests of the cause he served were always placed above his own. Time and strength, when extra service was demanded, were given with the utmost cheerfulness and liberality.



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*

EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*

S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

Trustees of Permanent Funds

CHARLES G. BANCROFT, *President of the International Trust Company*

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JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance), Brookline 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	729
Animals examined	6611
Number of prosecutions	20
Number of convictions	18
Horses taken from work	175
Horses humanely destroyed	115
Small animals humanely destroyed	365
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined	44,415
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	56

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$3750 (additional) from Elizabeth M. French, and \$2500, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, from Amy S. Flewelling.

The Society has received gifts of \$50, for horses, from Miss M. H. T., and \$36 from Mrs. J. R. N.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$205.82 from a Rhode Island friend, and \$20.37 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature.

October 8, 1918.

HORSES WATERED IN BOSTON

BECAUSE of the cool weather, the service of the Society's traveling water-cart and of the three hydrant stations in Boston did not begin until later than usual, but it was continued until September 12. The number of horses watered was 28,128 at Copley Square, 59,086 at Post Office Square, 66,901 at T Wharf, and 6199 by the water-cart, making a total of 160,314.

GOOD RESULTS OF NEW EFFORTS

A SUMMARY of the work of the new traveling officer of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shows that during the summer, up to October 1, he covered 7200 miles in out-of-the-way districts of the State, inspected 10,150 animals, investigated 218 cases, made 37 prosecutions with 35 convictions, humanely destroyed 62 horses, and took 55 horses from work. The picture shown above is but one illustration of many cases that might never be discovered, if we did not have this officer constantly on the highways.



A WORN-OUT TEAM DISCOVERED BY OUR STATE FIELD OFFICER WHO ENDED HUMANELY THEIR LONG HARD ROAD

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,

Chief Veterinarian

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.

B. S. KILLIAN, D.V.M.

T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S.

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.

J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D.

E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S.

With U. S. Army

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

Hospital	Free Dispensary
Cases entered	235 Cases
Dogs	133 Dogs
Cats	70 Cats
Horses	28 Horses
Birds	2 Birds
Cow	1 Guinea pig
Rabbit	1
Operations	78
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915,	10,151
Free Dispensary cases	12,676
Total	22,827

L'AMI DES ANIMAUX, of Geneva, Switzerland, says: "The war and the successive mobilizations have had as a happy result the disuse of blinders on our horses; one sees them no more in Geneva."

EVERY ship looks romantic except the ship we are in.

EMERSON

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

A WELL-KNOWN judge dined recently at the Hotel Gibson, where the man who takes care of the hats is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear.

"How do you know that is my hat?" the judge asked as his silk hat was presented to him.

"I don't know it, sir," said the man.

"Then why do you give it to me?" insisted the bewildered judge.

"Because you gave it to me, sir," replied the man, without moving a muscle of his face.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies, see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
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JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chile
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Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton	Madeira
Mrs. Francisco Patxot	Porto Rico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduceur des Bando</i>	
of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. D. Bryan, Richmond, Virginia
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D.C.
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

HUMANE EDUCATION IN MISSOURI

AN effort will be made to have the legislature of Missouri, which meets next January, pass a law to require the teaching of humane subjects in the schools of that State. Here is an opportunity for all humane friends in Missouri to get together and see that a suitable humane education law is placed among their statutes.

Have you seen the Humane Calendar for 1919, with separate leaves for each month, containing valuable humane suggestions? A practical present for teachers to place in the school-room. Fifteen cents per copy, postpaid; special prices for large quantities to be sent by express.

IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

FOR several summers Mr. John Burke, well known in educational circles in Kentucky, has traveled through the mountains of that State, visiting schools and attending teachers' institutes in the interests of the Band of Mercy. In recounting some of his experiences and observations this year, he says:—

It is certainly a pleasure to me to be among these backwoods people and to try to plant good thoughts in their minds and to spread the light of knowledge. I have spent my life among children and am known in several States as a sort of Peter Pindar among them.

I see so many things to be done to make the world a "fit place to live in" that I have plenty of things to keep my mind and body busy in trying to do good. There are so many roads to be built, orchards to be planted, homes to be beautified and made comfortable, school-houses to be furnished with desks and libraries, that it keeps a forward-looking person active and almost confused in mind as to what to talk about. I always manage, however, to exalt kindness as the cardinal virtue, and not one has ever refused to take the pledge of members of the Band of Mercy—teachers, pupils, or citizens.

You do not, I think, understand the difficulty of doing any missionary work in Kentucky, that is, in the mountains. Roads are almost impassable in many sections; there is not a railroad in Knott, Martin, or Magoffin counties where I have been. I go across the country in wagons or on mule-back.

I have a sort of pioneer spirit inherited from ancestors and have concluded to spend the remainder of my time on earth "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" up here among the hills among these kindly people untouched by the glitter of fashion or the lust for power.

I find, however, a change is coming over the spirit of the people, and I want to help start the transition in the right direction. This is one of the rich sections of the world in mineral deposits—coal, oil, and gas are found everywhere. Over at Inez I found that gas is furnished from there to Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville and many other places. The coal lies yet untouched under the hills, and there is evidently oil in abundance where both coal and gas are so abundant. The same is true here at Salyersville and, in fact, over all of eastern Kentucky.

You people who live in the old glacial area have no idea, except an imperfect one, of the richness of this section in mineral deposits. You have culture, refinement, and education; you have great schools and universities and you have taught the world much; but the hidden wealth of these regions is yet simply beyond your comprehension, unless some of your capitalists have examined it.

BLACKBOARD LESSONS

MANY teachers have found that sentences like the following written on the blackboard are read with interest and have a good effect upon the pupils who read them:—

It pays to take care of domestic animals.
Most birds are a great help to the farmer.
Animals have rights as well as people.
To abuse any innocent and helpless creature is mean, cruel and cowardly.

Domestic animals often suffer for want of fresh water.

Fish should be killed as soon as taken out of the water.

All cruelty degrades the person who practises it.

WHAT TEACHERS CAN DO

IN connection with the regular school work, I have compositions written on the subject of kindness to animals and human beings.

One of the important things to teach children is to take good care of their household pets; to remember to feed them regularly.

The following suggestions for compositions will be helpful. Literature on the subject may be obtained from the American Humane Education Society, Boston. (See list on back page.)

Subjects for Compositions

Primary Grades

1. Interesting Animals.
2. The Uses of Animals.
3. Acts of Kindness which I have Seen.
4. Lessons from "Black Beauty."

Grammar Grades

1. How Wild Birds Help the Farmer.
2. The Care of Horses.
3. Why it Pays to Treat Domestic Animals Kindly.
4. The Humane Work of George T. Angell.

High and Normal Schools

1. Laws about Cruelty to Animals and the Protection of Birds.
2. The Influence of Humane Education.

LANGUAGE IN ANIMALS

MRS. JENNIE R. NICHOLS, field worker of the American Humane Education Society in the Northwest, and her husband, Mr. E. D. Nichols, are of one mind on the question of the lower animals, he coöperating with her, and now and then speaking in connection with her work. In an address at Seattle he presented his views as follows:

"There is no such being in existence as a dumb animal. Language, among other things, 'is the inarticulate utterances of the lower animals.' Speech denotes the power to articulate utterances. That is the distinction, as to language between man and the lower animals. Both have the power of language, but man has the power to articulate utterances while the lower animals have not. So-called dumb animals are the lower animals, speechless, but with language of divine gift. To call them dumb animals is a misnomer.

"I stepped upon the porch at a minister's home and knocked at the door. A large Newfoundland dog approached me wagging his tail. As soon as he got to where I stood he began barking. He, being a gentleman, did not want to bark in my face and so he turned his back to me while he kept on barking. Presently his master came to the door and then the dog bounded off the porch into the orchard. Now those were the inarticulate utterances of that dog notifying his master that there was a stranger at the door; and it was done in a most friendly manner.

"Yes, the lower animals have language, and if we would only study their utterances as we listen to them we would learn to appreciate them as we never have before and form a better acquaintance with them than we have heretofore had."

GAYLY chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels red and gray,
Drop the apples red and yellow,
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day.

WHITTIER

I WONDER WHY!

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

ONLY a little wondering calf,
Here in the crowded car I lie,
With many more, on the slippery floor,
All sick and sad as I!

The world seemed such a happy place
Till yesterday — all bright and sweet,
With sunny space to run and race,
And green shade from the heat!

And water, fresh and cool and clear,
And friendly hands to pat my head,
And always food, so sweet and good,
And such a soft, dry bed!

There is no water here, nor food;
I called, and called — so did they all!
But no one heard — or no one cared —
And now we cannot call.

Only a little helpless calf,
Here in the crowded car I lie,
With many more, on the slippery floor —
And oh, I wonder why!

FUR FARMING

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE
ON TRAPPING

MRS. FISKE says, in *Our Animals*: No fine, intelligent woman would wear trapped furs, if she were compelled to be a witness to the trapping and all the torture it means. The trappers' trade is about the lowest, most cowardly and despicable business on earth. Women will not be partners in its vileness when they are enlightened.

The new industry of Fur Farming will eventually abolish the loathsome trapper and his still more culpable companions in the obnoxious traffic, the big fur concerns. Women are in possession of tremendous power. They are hardly awake to this possession. If women unite in refusing to buy furs for one year they will wipe out the unspeakable crimes of trapping. Women can easily compel the fur houses to abolish the trapper and deal with the fur farms, where fur-bearing animals are humanely raised and destroyed.



Photo from Nat'l Ass'n Audubon Societies

KILLDEER FEEDING

The Minor Minor Prophets

REPRINTED FROM "MOUNTAINS IN THE MIST" by F. W. BOREHAM

A Humane Classic

IT was the deliberate opinion of Charles Bates, the pickpocket, that Bill Sikes' dog was "an out-and-out Christian."

"He wouldn't so much as bark in the witness-box for fear of committing himself; no, not if you tied him up in one, and left him there without wittles for a fortnight," added the Artful Dodger.

"He's an out-and-out Christian," said Charley.

I do not quite understand why I have begun this chapter with Bill Sikes' dog. I meant to have written about Balaam's ass. I must apologize to my readers for having introduced the wrong animal. But now that we have Bill Sikes' dog here, we may as well have a good look at him. For there is a distinct connection between the two after all; and, personally, I always find it more easy to understand the record of the wayward prophet and his eloquent beast when I think of it with the story of Bill Sikes and his dog before me.

"Yes, he's an out-and-out Christian," said Charley.

I am inclined to go one step further than Charley. I propose to establish a new order, to be called the Minor Minor Prophets. And among those Minor Minor Prophets both Balaam's ass and Sikes' dog will find honorable places.

Principal George Adam Smith, of Aberdeen — our greatest living authority on Hebrew prophecy — says that the two indispensable qualifications of a prophet are Vision and Voice. Your prophet sees what others cannot see, and therefore he says what others cannot say. Now, these are precisely the features about these Minor Minor Prophets that impress me most. Their vision is positively uncanny, and they say things unutterable. Balaam's ass is by no means alone in that respect.

I do not keep a dog. It is too humiliating. A man cannot possibly enjoy the companionship of a dog and maintain his self-respect. Walk along a country road with a dog, and he will discover and draw your attention to a hundred things to which you were totally blind. Every broken stick, every mark in the mud, every scratch in the sand, every gap in the hedge, every fluttering leaf, means something to the dog. It is his way of reading history. He knows exactly what has happened, and what is happening now, and what is going to happen. A wonderful seer is he. It is positively painful. He makes his owner feel like a dolt and a dullard. It is the story of Balaam over again. The ass saw the angel, but Balaam didn't. Any man who keeps a dog, or a horse, or a minor prophet of any kind knows that this sort of thing happens very often.

Travelers tell us that a horse or a donkey is never deceived by a mirage. And just because these minor prophet animals see so much more than we can see. I have never been able to sympathize with those who find a difficulty in the eloquence of Balaam's ass. When I was a child I pored over Aesop's Fables, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for me that the wolves and foxes, and the dogs and the horses, the storks and the cranes, should speak to each other and men. I do not remember ever pausing to think about it: it seemed so perfectly and exquisitely right. Then followed that silly and superior stage in which we doubt everything that we had ever believed. And during that period I, of course, turned up my

nose contemptuously at my childish simplicity and assured myself that it was all nonsense. How could animals speak? The idea was preposterous. Then came wisdom, or, at least, an inkling of it. I remembered that the history of the world was crammed with just such stories as the story of Balaam's ass. Did not geese call up the slumbering Roman guards and save the capitol? Did not a spaniel cry aloud and spare not — after the fashion of a major prophet — until he had saved a nation from disgrace? The Prince of Orange and all his sentries slept. The Spanish soldiers were within striking distance. And at that moment of imminent peril, on which the destinies of nations trembled, the Prince's spaniel spake out bravely. "To his dying day," says Motley, "the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber." I came, too, upon Luther's tribute to his robin. "I have one preacher," he says, "that I love better than any other on the earth; it is my little tame robin which preaches to me every day. I put his crumbs upon my window sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on to a little tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes to sleep, and leaves tomorrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth." And then, my scepticism almost gone, and my mind swinging rapidly back to my childhood's faith, I came upon Bill Sikes' dog. How reproachfully he used to look up into the burglar's face! Tell me that these Minor Minor Prophets cannot speak! Call them "dumb creatures"! I have heard a dog say more in two seconds than I could express in two minutes or write in two pages! Does not a pointer say more than a parrot? To be sure! These creatures are no more dumb than Balaam's ass. Like him, they are Minor Minor Prophets. They have Vision and they have Voice. If we think them "dumb," it is because we ourselves are "deaf"; that is all.

Yes, they have voice. And no man who has heard these Minor Minor Prophets can afford to ignore their message. Let me give one startling and tremendous illustration. I sometimes think it is the most sensational thing in literature. A hundred years ago there took place Napoleon's historic and memorable retreat from Moscow. Among these frozen mountain passes, and along those deep and shadowy valleys in which the drifted snow had buried the very pine trees, Napoleon strewed the corpses of half a million men. Did no prophets rise up in those days to warn the Emperor that his invasion of Russia would be attended by so enormous and appalling a catastrophe? There were prophets to warn him! God never lets any man, much less half a million, rush to his dreadful doom without sending some prophet to warn and deliver him. He sent Minor Minor Prophets. Listen! Frank Buckland, the great naturalist, who knew the Minor Minor Prophets, says: "If the Emperor Napoleon, when on the road to Moscow, had condescended to observe the flights of storks and cranes passing over his fated battalions, subsequent events in the politics of Europe might have been very different. These storks and cranes knew of the coming of a great and

terrible winter; and birds hastened towards the south, but Napoleon and his great army pressed on northwards." And we Australians remember gratefully the pigeon that up in the dusty heart of the continent, showed Captain Sturt where the water was, and saved the life of all our explorers. We gladly welcome that gentle bird, with its keen vision and its soft voice to the goodly fellowship of the Minor Minor Prophets.

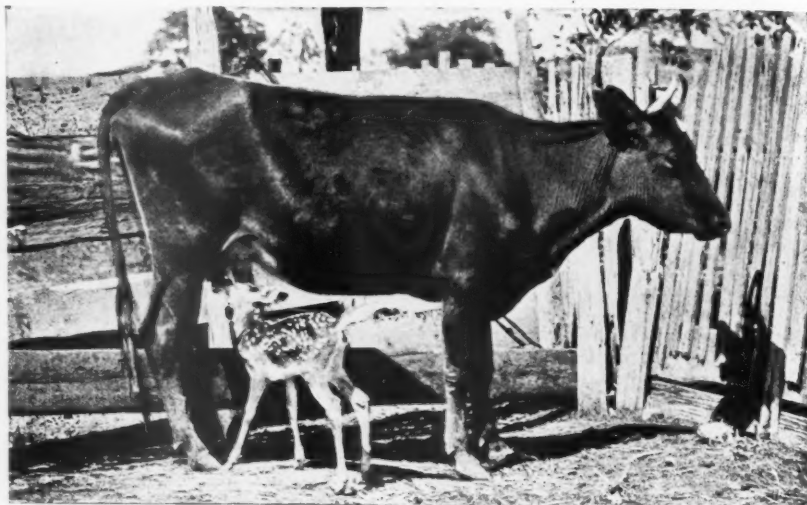
Balaam thrashed the ass and Bill Sikes kicked the dog. That is always the fate of the prophets. Indeed, it was owing to the virtue of neither Balaam nor Bill Sikes that the ass and the dog — poor Minor Minor Prophets — did not fare even worse. Balaam said unto the ass: "I would there were a sword in mine hand, for now would I kill thee!" And Bill Sikes did actually prepare to drown the dog; had the stone and the string and the water all ready, but the dog — having a prophetic gift on which the burglar had not reckoned — mysteriously vanished. We are born persecutors. It comes quite naturally to us to stone the prophets. It is very absurd. We might just as well smash the mirror if it dares to suggest that we are not as handsome as Apollo or as beautiful as Venus! But absurd and illogical as it is, we do it. We are like Macaulay's Hindu who, seeing the sacred water of the Ganges under a microscope, smashed the microscope! And so poor Balaam thrashed his ass, and longed to slay him! And so poor Bill Sikes kicked his dog, and tried to drown him! And so — and on precisely identical principles — all your persecutions have been inaugurated. Those roaring lions at Rome, that hideous inquisition in Spain, those blazing fires at Smithfield — it is the same sad and silly old story, over and over and over again.

There was a Prophet once — the peerless Prince of all the prophets. And all the prophets of all the ages reverently salute Him. He possessed the two great essentials. He had Vision such as no prophet, before or since, ever enjoyed. And Voice; for it was like the sound of many waters. Beneath the magic of his utterance wicked men winced and weeping women were wondrously comforted. But they crucified Him! His path led to the cross. It reached its climax on Calvary. That is always the way. The Prince of the prophets and the major prophets, and the minor prophets, and even the Minor Minor prophets, must all pay that same dread penalty for Truth's dear sake. And I, for my part, am face to face with a terrible choice. Shall I take my stand with those noble souls — prophets and heroes and martyrs — who have seen clearly and spoken truly, come what may? Or shall I be found skulking amongst those who wince beneath the word, slash savagely at the faithful speaker, and stagger blindly out into the dark?

"He's an out-and-out Christian," said Charley Bates, the pickpocket, as he discussed Bill Sikes' dog with his friend, the Artful Dodger. His bald and dogmatic affirmation may be open to theological criticism; but I am in no mood at this moment to take up the cudgels against him.

The foregoing article is reprinted by permission of Messrs. C. H. Kelly of London, the publishers of all of the Rev. F. W. Boreham's books, the American agents being the Abingdon Press, New York.

Nothing finer than this essay, relative to animals, has been published in many a day. We have printed it in attractive form, at three cents per copy. It should have a wide distribution.



COW MOTHERING WHITE-TAILED DEER FAWN

The Life of the Bee

A LADY bee-keeper, writing in *Pearson's Weekly*, thus describes her experiences and observations:

I first took up bee-keeping from a money-making point of view. Well, my hopes in this respect have not been disappointed; but setting all question of profit aside, I have come to look upon my hives with their busy little inmates as my most interesting hobby. There are so many useful lessons I have learned from the bees, amongst others the value of good leadership, organization, and, last but not least, of good citizenship in securing the smooth running of a state.

For every beehive may be looked upon as a miniature kingdom or city with the most perfect system of organization and government imaginable, a system which no kind of human government can surpass.

No human queen has such loyal subjects as has the queen bee. The worker bees tend her, guard her and care for her from the moment she is first placed as an egg in the royal cell. It is not heredity that gives the queen her royal estate; it is allotted to her by the workers before she comes out of the egg.

The whole work of the city is divided up between the workers, various bands of these being set to the performance of certain tasks. These they go through with the precision of clockwork.

Each bee not only knows its work, but does it too. There are the builders and architects, the foragers and water carriers, the soldiers and guards, the nurses and chemists and the ventilating bees.

Once I went with a lighted candle on a hot summer's night to have a look at one of my hives. There was no wind, scarcely a breath of air in fact; yet, no sooner had I placed the candle within a few inches of the door than the flame blew out. It was blown out by the draught caused by the wings of the "ventilating bees" whose duty it is to keep the hive well ventilated and its air fresh and pure.

They stand quite still but use their wings so vigorously that we cannot see them any more than we can see the propeller of an aeroplane in full flight. One band of ventilating bees is stationed just outside the door of the hive, the other works immediately inside.

The foraging bees have a very arduous task, for a bee has to visit over one hundred flowers before her honey sack is filled, and as this tiny sack only holds a third of a drop of honey when full it can be imagined how hard hundreds and hundreds of bees have to work to gather in a pound of honey.

Then there are the water carriers, whose duty it is to fly to and from the neighboring streams collecting drops of water to furnish the inmates of the hive with all the water they require.

It is a great sight to watch the builders making the wax for the comb and the architect bees planning out the position of the cells with the utmost precision. These are followed in their work by the chemists, who before each cell is sealed over drop a tiny drop of formic acid into it as a preservative to keep the honey in good condition.

There are numbers of bees who die inside the hive worn out by hard work. It is the duty of the undertakers to dispose of these bodies outside the hive in order that they may not pollute the air of the bee city.

At the entrance of the hive are always stationed guard bees and soldier bees on sentry-go whose duty it is to keep out robber bees from other hives. The only lazy bees are the drones, for they take no part in the work of the hives at all. They are fed by the workers and lead a life of luxury and ease; but it is destined to be a short one, because as soon as the winter approaches they are killed off by the other bees.

Bees have their executioners, for certain bees are always appointed to fulfil this grim duty in the same way as the others are given other tasks to do. It seems a trifle unfair, though, that the drones have no stings with which to defend themselves when the day of reckoning comes.

For the fourth year our humane holiday stamps will be on sale. They show the seal of the S. P. C. A. on the left, and the words "Merry Christmas — A Happy New Year," on the right, with "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" at the bottom, printed in colors. Your Christmas letters and packages will be more attractive, if not more appreciated, if one or more of these stamps is placed upon all mail during the holidays. The stamps are \$1.50 per 1000, or 15 cents per 100, postpaid.

American Red Cross—Junior Membership

Conducted and Edited by Dr. H. N. MacCRACKEN
National Director of Junior Membership, American Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

The Good Old Summer Time and After

THE good old summer time is classically the time to loaf—or at least, not the time to work. Reminiscence and fiction both stage the vacation scenes of childhood around the swimming hole or in the berry patch or at the corner drugstore.

But, oh! this war! Compare the summer days spent by Elizabeth and Dorothy, aged ten and fourteen, members of the Junior Red Cross in a small New Jersey town.

The Junior headquarters were open every day all summer from nine until five, and 150 Juniors were busy in the office, the sewing room, the cutting and knitting rooms and the library. Dorothy and Elizabeth were on duty every day to keep the rooms in order, —dusting, sweeping, picking up.

"In between times" they filled their pony cart with materials, and visited the surrounding rural districts. They sang and recited for the benefit of the Red Cross. They got up a Fourth of July party at Junior Headquarters for the mothers of boys in service. They sent out free Chautauqua tickets. They collected \$207 in a stretcher during a local campaign. They cultivated an acre of potatoes to "help out" this winter, wherever they may be needed. A mere observer might think every minute was fairly well occupied, but these girls have evidently learned to get their full sixty seconds' worth. About the end of August they were already planning a Christmas surprise for the soldiers' families! Better yet, they both wear that "smile that won't come off."

These little girls' vacation may be taken as typical of Red Cross Juniors. A great many schools remained open all summer for Red Cross work, and hundreds of teachers volunteered to supervise the groups in sewing, knitting and making Red Cross house furniture. In New Haven, Connecticut, the Board of Education itself provided a paid supervisor to

direct all the work. The children of the Northern Division completed 29,420 garments and in the Pacific Division, furniture for four Red Cross convalescent houses (about 800 pieces) was turned out.

In places where school-rooms and teachers were not available for summer work, the children worked under the supervision of the Red Cross Seniors. Sometimes they were lucky enough to have their "very own" headquarters, such as the big show room on a chief business street donated to the Juniors of Leesville, Louisiana. In the big cities, where the schools closed, the playgrounds opened, and the School Auxiliary merely changed its place of business. In the unfamiliar setting of seesaws and swings, the Red Cross Juniors rallied to knit and sew, to play Red Cross games, to sing and stage Red Cross pageants. The closing of the playgrounds was the occasion for exhibits and for pay entertainments.

Throughout the vacation the children have been busy raising money to finance the winter work. Pay entertainments, Red Cross plays, and the sale of vegetables have produced many hard earned dollars to buy "the makings" of refugee garments and Red Cross furniture.

On the Municipal Pier in Chicago, during July, August, September, and October, the Junior Red Cross gave weekly performances of "The Message," under the auspices of the Drama League. Other dramatic enterprises ranged from back-yard plays to real community pageants.

The war garden with a red cross planted in its center was a familiar sight this summer on the city lot and along the country road. Berkeley, California, boasted 2,500 of them. In the Pittsburgh Chapter, 9,000 Junior gardens thrived mightily in competition for a National Junior Red Cross merit certificate. Fifty of these highly prized certificates were presented to

triumphant gardeners with much form and ceremony on September 27. Vegetables and fruits brought in a good sum to replenish the school fund, as well as increasing the local food supply.

In Des Moines, Iowa, Red Cross Juniors and Seniors ran a joint market to dispose of the surplus garden truck of the city. The Red Cross booth was well known in the city market. Householders telephoned the committee whenever they had fruits or vegetables "going to waste." A delegation of Juniors reported promptly to pick and prepare the donation and take it to market, where the Seniors managed the sales. The profits were fairly divided between grown-ups and children.

In the Puyallup Valley, the girls harvested berries. The High School boys of the Northwest spent their vacations in shipyards and salmon canneries. In Oregon, they herded cattle and sheep. Throughout the South, rural children helped on the farms as part of their Red Cross service. "Food is ammunition." Red Cross Juniors have been busy harvesting calories for the coming winter and at the same time raising money for their school funds.

Thanks to the profitable vacation, most of the School Auxiliaries are beginning the year with plenty of money for present purposes. By the time that snow flies and the memory of crops and garden fetes is fading as rapidly as the profits they accrued, the enterprising Juniors will be deep in some other money-making scheme. Many schools will follow the suggestion issued from National Headquarters for holding a holiday bazaar in December. Last summer the children of Gunnison in the Mountain Division cleared \$65 by the sale of home-made cushions at ball-games. Surely these summer partners of Ty Cobb will welcome the chance to join Santa Claus in his annual work of providing Christmas gifts for young and old.

Gulls of the Western Prairies

FRANKLIN'S ROSY GULL, named in honor of Sir John Franklin, is a bird of the prairies, a follower of the plow. Few other species of bird so well deserve the title of "the farmers' friends." It was they who, in 1848, came to the relief of the early settlers of Utah and swept their farms clean of the grasshoppers that threatened to devour the crops even to the last bit of vegetation. For such timely assistance and to show a regard for these birds, there stands in Salt Lake City today a beautiful monument in honor of the gulls, erected at a cost of \$40,000 by the residents of Utah.

Nearly all of our gulls are coast-loving species and spend comparatively little of their time in fresh water, but Franklin's is a true inland gull. Extensive marshes bordering shallow lakes are its chosen breeding grounds, and as many such areas are being reclaimed for agricultural purposes it behooves the tillers of the soil to protect this valuable species. When undisturbed this gull becomes quite fearless and follows the plowman to gather the grubs and worms from the newly turned furrows. It lives almost exclusively upon insects, of which it consumes great quantities. About four-fifths of its total food is grasshoppers, a strong point in favor of this bird. Other injurious creatures eaten are



Photo from Nat'l Ass'n Audubon Societies
FRANKLIN'S GULL

billbugs, squash bugs, leafhoppers, click beetles, May beetles and weevils. Franklin's gull is probably the most beneficial bird of its group.

In describing the roving character of these useful and beautiful birds, Mr. Herbert K. Job, the well-known ornithologist, says: "With the waning of July the life of these 'White Cities' also wanes. The nights grow sharp and chill, the frosts coat the sloughs with incipient ice, and the settler must bid adieu, for a time, to his companionable 'Doves.' Like sailing-craft running free before the onslaughts of Boreas, they carelessly wander onward, to spend their 'winter' where winter is but a memory, with choice variety of insect life for daily fare. And when, at length, the northern prairie lakes and sloughs are unlocked from their icy bonds, and the 'Prairie Pigeons' once more course the long-deserted expanses, many a human heart is glad. Never may heartless fashion dare to wrong the western farmers and the multitudes who look to him for bread by seeking to appropriate the lone settler's pet—a species important among the feathered custodians of the nation's granaries.

PEOPLE of good temper are not always kind people.
MORLEY

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.
The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and forty-three new Bands of Mercy were reported in September. Of these 157 were in schools of Rhode Island, 46 in Maine, 15 in Ohio, eight each in Connecticut and Oklahoma, one each in New York, Indiana, Kentucky, and Colorado, three in Saskatchewan, and two in Porto Rico.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 115,614

THE BIRD AND FLOWER CLUB

SUSANNA DRAKE BISHOP

IT is easy enough to teach an average tractable child mercy, but to induce a grown man to be merciful, who has practised cruelty for any length of time, seems well-nigh impossible. In grown-ups the brain is full of tracks like a phonograph, and some of these phonographic brains rattle and squeak outrageously. It is hard to change fixed habits of thought, and so children should learn to be merciful and considerate while they are young. The ordinary untaught boy doesn't feel dressed unless he has a slingshot in his pocket, but after a little explanation and instruction he is glad to make friends with the birds and learn how to study their habits. In Glendale, California, under the tutelage of Mrs. Nanno Woods, cameras and lunch baskets have taken the place of slingshots and air guns. The Bird and Flower Club is the name of this particular organization and it is well named—birds and flowers go so well together—and with the addition of children the trio is perfect. Surrounding towns have taken up the idea and formed similar clubs intended mainly for vacation time, but in Southern California, of course, they can be kept up the year round.



THIS PELICAN TOOK UP ITS RESIDENCE
IN A CITY STREET

KINDNESS ON THE FARM

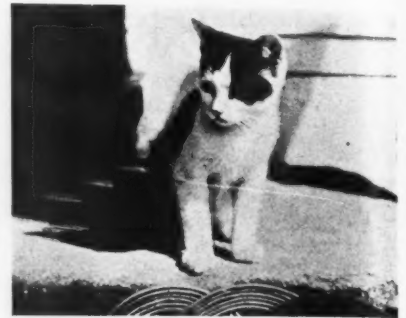
T. A. BOAZ

BOYS, did you ever stop to think how unkindness, perhaps thoughtlessly shown to animals on your father's farm, lessens his profits the year around? It is a proven fact that cows driven home by being harried by dogs, shrink on their milk, and animals ill-treated by their attendants grow poor. I once knew a farmer who, before hiring a man, used to ask if he smoked, swore or drank. He was most particular about the "cussing," because a man who cussed around kept the animals nerved up all the time—it was not good for them to be nervous and afraid. I have known cases where fine colts worth hundreds of dollars had their dispositions ruined by bad-tempered helpers, so that no one cared to handle them, and finally they had to be sold at a big loss to bullies who controlled them by sheer brutality. Another instance was a fine work horse worth \$350 that bit at every one who came near him, and chewed his manger up for simple ugliness. Near where I used to live was a herd of colts. I caught some boys riding horseback on them, who thought it was great fun. Yet, a horse's back is not strong enough to be used for saddle riding until the animal is three years old, and these were colts under one year of age. Such an act might have broken their backs.

A few years ago we rented a house on a farm and took winter care of the farmer's cattle. Among them was a two-year-old bull who was petted by us, frequently being fed out of our hands. When he was sold he resisted going away, and was giving the farmer a high old time of it, twisting and yanking him all around, when a little girl, who had petted him, ran up saying, "That won't get him anywhere." Then, turning to the animal, she said, "So, Bossie, come on, little Jerry, do what I tell you, sir." Then, patting him lovingly, she held out her hand with, "Come along now, and be good." Jerry followed her like a dog and gave no further trouble. Some time after I met his new owner, driving him to a fresh pasture. The bull had got balky and would not move, even for clubs, they said. "No wonder," I replied, "try kindness, that is what we brought him up to," and I called out to the poor animal, "Come Jerry, old man, behave yourself and be good." At the sound of my voice, he trotted up to me, put his nose in my hand, and followed me past the object that had excited his fear. Animals remember kind acts as well as cruel ones.

A farmer friend was told that a hired boy was abusing the cows by cruelty. He crept into the barn to watch in the next stall. The boy was new, and an inexperienced milker, and the cow got fidgety, so the hired helper took up the milking stool and struck her over the spinal bone. My friend said it made him so mad that he wrenched the weapon from the lad and gave him what he was giving the cow. The boy yelled, "Say, Mister, you will kill me." Then his employer asked him if he ever stopped to think what he was doing for the cow. When the boy realized how his unkindness was harming the animals through his uncontrolled temper, he gave up this method and tried kindness, and became an invaluable helper.

IT was formerly said that animals cannot reason. Only persons who do not themselves reason can any longer occupy such a position." —From "The Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence," by Dr. WESLEY MILLS, 1898.



THE PILOT KITTEN

LOUELLA C. POOLE

So many bells in this great house —
The front door, back door, telephone,
The dinner bell, and all the clocks!" —
Said dear old grandma, with a groan, —

"I'm always making queer mistakes,
I really get confused, you see,
In answering: my hearing's not
Perhaps just what it used to be!

"There, I declare, do see that cat —
She always rushes out pell mell,
I've noticed — curious little beast! —
Each time there's ringing of a bell.

"So sharp her ears she always knows,
Though half asleep or wide awake,
Which bell it is that's signaling;
I've never known her make mistake!"

Thenceforth wise grandma watched the cat,
And every time the bell would ring,
The pilot kitten showed the way,
With dear old grandma following.

And much confusion was she saved,
That winter that she came to stay,
From her own quiet country home,
At that big house upon Broadway.

A TOAD BATH

EVERYTHING possible has been done for the comfort of birds, but toads have been expected to take care of themselves, writes Frances Margaret Fox in *The Visitor*. This is not right. The Massachusetts Department of Agriculture once announced that every toad is worth twenty dollars a year to the State as an insect destroyer.

Birds are provided with baths, from one end of our country to the other; yet birds have wings and can fly long distances in search of water to drink and in which to bathe. Besides, birds can drink; toads cannot. The only way a toad can supply himself with water is by absorbing it through his skin. Toads suffer severely in dry weather; they shrivel up and die if left long without water.

Provide your garden toad with a bathtub and treat yourself to a funny sight at the same time. The saucer of a flower-pot makes a fine bathtub for a toad, unless you wish to line a hollow in the ground with smooth cement and fill it with water. You won't have to wait long, either, before you find a toad in the bath sprawling out and soaking in the water. After a toad has absorbed all the water he requires, he starts on the insect war-path in lively fashion.

Our toad sits in its toad bath and winks at us in grateful fashion. Be kind to your toad and see for yourself what will happen.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

BUNNY

E. C. STONE

BUNNY lying in the grass
Sees the hunters as they pass,
And his little heart is filled
With a fear that can't be stilled.

*As he hears the dreadful sound
Of the swiftly fleeing hound,
Then the panic in his heart
Makes him eager off to start.*

*And with swiftly flying feet
Forth he goes to some retreat.
When the shot-gun's roar is heard
Bunny's heart no more is stirred.*

*For when that swift shot hath sped,
Bunny's lying still and dead.
'Tis a little Bunny less,
But the reason, I confess*

*I could never comprehend
Why he wished the rabbit's end.
And I never yet could tell
Why the hunter felt so well,
Or the nature of his joy
This small rabbit to destroy.*

THE FIGURE FIVE IN NATURE

MAUDE BURBANK HARDING

IF all your sums were made up of "5's," you could have one hundred per cent. in arithmetic every day, couldn't you? Five, ten, fifteen, twenty is as easy to count as a game is to play; and the first counting the baby does is on his fingers and toes.

Did you know that almost every animal once had five fingers and toes, even the horse? Yes, they did, but as they were not really necessary for tree-climbing, or grasping food, or holding their young, or for any practical uses, the divisions gradually disappeared until they became a "one-toe" animal. The cow has two toes, now, and your dog — have you noticed how many toes he has? Look carefully, for there is an extra one tucked away in back that you must count!

If you could see a chicken just as it comes out of the shell, you would find five distinct marks on each wing, as if once there had been sharp claws there, and the hens and ducks, long, long ago, had five separate toes. The tough, elastic web that connects them now, grew to meet the needs of water life among the "webfooted" class.

Just as it is easy and natural for us to count time, money and other reckonings by fives, so it seems as if Nature preferred that number in the beginning of things, and you will find it very interesting to see how often the number is repeated among the flower families. Here is a small list of some five-petal blossoms: wild rose, wild geranium, strawberry, violet, swamp honeysuckle, nasturtium, forget-me-not, milkweed. These are only a few.

See how long a list you can make before snow-fall!



ROVER AND HIS CHUM

WHY THE SWALLOW'S BACK IS BLACK

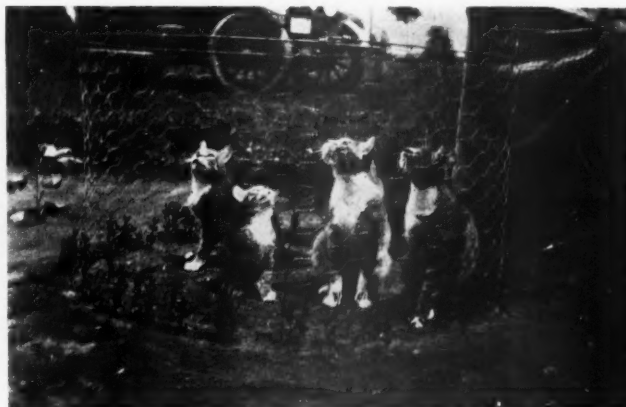
AN Indian legend tells us that when men first came on earth they had no fire. The Great Spirit taught them how to do many things; he taught them how to get food from the forests, fish from the waters, and corn and beans from the earth, but fire they themselves must learn to make.

Even with all the gifts they had showered upon them, they were not happy, but kept thinking all the time of the one thing which they still wanted, instead of enjoying the many gifts which were already theirs. All fire was then in the sun, and they could think of no way to get it. Men could not reach it in any way, and no bird cared to go after it.

Finally, the swallow, who could fly more swiftly than any of the other birds, offered to go to the sun so far away and bring this gift to men.

Many, many days he flew, and as he came near the sun, the feathers on his back were all burned black by the sun. When the heat became so great that he could go no farther, he was compelled to return to the earth without the long-wished-for fire.

The swallow's back is still black, but no one ever tried to get fire from the sun again in that way. Long years afterward men learned how to make fire by rubbing sticks together.



THESE FOUR WERE ONCE SAD-HEARTED STARVELINGS,
ONE WITH BUT THREE LEGS. RESCUED, THEY ARE
NOW CONTENTED AND HAPPY

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

SNIFFY, SNAPPY AND VELVET PAW, Ruth O. Dyer.

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144 pp. 60 cents net. Little, Brown, and Company, Boston.

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RATS WISER THAN MEN

INVESTIGATORS of mining conditions and the peculiar dangers to which miners are subjected recently have taken much interest in the practice of Western gold miners to make pets of the rats which commonly infest mines. On the mother lode vein of California it has been found that the miners invariably feed the rats and take care of them, believing that the rodents are a source of protection against accidents. This is due, the men say, to the instinct of the rats, which warns them when a tunnel is unsafe. And when the rats leave a tunnel it is almost impossible to get the miners to work there. This recalls the belief among sailors that rats will leave a doomed ship. The miners also have found that rats are much more susceptible than humans to the dangerous gases that so often cause loss of life in the mines. Long before the miners themselves are affected by these gases the rats become sick and show symptoms of distress. So the men keep close watch on the rats' good health.

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